Ready to weepe to heare him aske his owne;
Sorrow betide ſuch Grandames and ſuch griefe,
That miniſter a poyſon for pure loue.
But who ſo blind, as cannot ſee this beame,
That you forſooth would keepe your couſin downe,
For feare his mother ſhould be vs'd too well?
I there's the griefe, confuſion catch the braine,
That hammers ſhiftes to ſtop a Princes raigne,
Q. Elian. Impatient, franticke, common ſlanderer,
Immodeſt dame, vnnurtur'd quarreller,
I tell thee I not enuy to thy ſonne,
But iuſtice makes me ſpeake as I haue done.
K. Phil But here's no proofe that ſhews your ſon a king.
K. I. What wants, my ſword ſhall more at large ſet down
Lew But that may breake before the truth be known.
Baſt. Then this may hold till all his right be ſhowne.
Lym. Good words ſir ſauce, your betters are in place.
Baſt. Not you ſir doubty, with your Lyons caſe.
Blanch. Ah ioy betide his ſoule, to whom that ſpoyle (belong'd:
Ah *Richard*, how thy glory here is wrong'd.
Lym Me thinkes that *Richards* pride and *Richards* fall,
Should be a preſident t'affright you all.
Baſt. What words are theſe? how doe my ſinews ſhake?
My fathers foe clad in my fathers ſpoyle,
A thouſand furies kindle with reuenge,
This heart that choller keepes a conſiſtorie,
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:
How doth *Alecto* whiſper in mine eares?
Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine ſtraight,
Diſrobe him of the matchleſſe monument
Thy fathers triumph ore the Sauages,
Baſe heardgroom, coward, peaſant, worſe than a threſhing ſlaue.
What mak'ſt thou with the Trophie of a King?
Sham'ſt thou not coyſtrell, loathſome dunghill ſwad,
To grace thy carkaſſe with an ornament
Too pretious for a Monarkes couerture?

Scarce

Scarce can I temper due obedience
Vnto the preſence of my Soueraigne
From acting outrage on this trunke
But arme thee traytor, wronger of
For by his ſoule I ſweare, my Fathers
Twiſe will I not reuiew the mornings
Till I haue torne that Trophee from
And ſplit thy heart for wearing it ſo
Philip hath ſworne, and if it be not do
Let not the world repute me *Richard*
Lym. Nay ſoft ſir baſtard, hearts
Let them reioyce that at the end do
And take this leſſon at thy foe-mans
Pawne not thy life to get thy fathers
Blan. Well may the world ſpeak
That wins this hide to weare a Ladi
Baſt. Ill may I thriue, and nothin
If ſhortly I preſent it not to thee.
K. Phil. Lordings forbeare, for ti
That deeds may trie what words can
And to the purpoſe for the cauſe yo
Me ſeemes you ſet right in chance of
Yeelding no other reaſons for your
But ſo and ſo, becauſe it ſhall be ſo.
So wrong ſhall be ſubornd by truſt o
A tyrants practice to inueſt himſelfe
Where weake reſiſtance giueth wro
To checke the which, in holy lawful
I, in the right of *Arthur*, *Geffreys* ſo
Am come before this City of Angie
To barre all other falſe ſuppoſed cla
From whence, or howſoere the error
And in his quarrell on my Princely
Ile fight it out vnto the lateſt man.
John. Know King of France, I w
By any power or Prince in Chriſten
To yeeld an inſtance how I hold mi

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)